

HE'S GOT A MOTORCAR.

My shoes are worn until my feet are sore from contact with the ground.
I do not like to walk the street.
Because the neighbors all around me see me in my last year's hat.
My once black suit is rusty green.
I need new clothes, but what's the use?
I've got to buy some gasoline!
My house looks queer—its bare of paint—
And it is not in good repair.
I often hear a mournful plaint
About "that awful cellar stair."
The walls have all begun to crack.
And grass is growing up between.
I see the rats, but, alas,
I've got to buy some gasoline!
No more I eat my eggs at noon.
We have no eggs. They cost good cash!
I don't see how a man could scorn
A cheap chuck steak or eat grass.
I would give me pleasure to cut loose
At all the grub I've ever seen.
I almost starved, but what's the use?
I've got to buy some gasoline!
—Vancouver Province.

All Bailed Up Again.

Mr. Makinbrakes had just been introduced to a rising politician.
"I am glad to meet you," Mr. Klymer," he said. "There's always a natural desire to meet a man when he becomes notorious—I mean, of course, in the public eye—as you are, that in spite of what his political enemies may say about him—and that's true, you know—not that it's true what your enemies say about you, but the general proposition—and I always believe in giving even a criminal the benefit of the doubt—I'm not speaking of politicians, although they certainly are entitled to the same—that is, as a class, or, rather, not as a class, for some politicians are among our best citizens—noting personal intended. I assure you—because if you give a dog a bad name—no reference to any particular one, you understand, and not wishing to institute any invidious—don't you think, Mr. Klymer, it's time for the Sox to be getting a few players that can hit the ball?"—Chicago Tribune.

Passed the Star.

Captain Lawson was owner and pilot of the packet New Orleans, plying the Mississippi in the flush boating days of 1850. Old Mississippi broke banks. There were miles of rushing water. Only an experienced eye could tell the channel. Captain Lawson had been at the wheel for thirty-six hours. He was exhausted from loss of sleep. Rastus, a colored pilot aboard, was called to the captain.
"Do you see that north star?" asked the captain.
"Yes, boss."
"Well, hold this boat on that star."
"Yes, boss."
When the captain awoke an hour later his boat was winding in and out among the trees. The captain was indignant. "I thought I told you to hold this boat on the north star!" he cried.
"Yes, boss, we've done passed dat star long ago,"—Housekeeper.

Bad Effect of Smoking.

Uncle Mose—Look a-beah, you George Washington Jefferson, what you all smokin' dat pipe fo? Didn't Ah done tell yo' dat smokin' shortens er man's life? Look dan haf?
Young G. W. J.—But you has bin smokin' mos' yo' life, Uncle Mose, an Ah reckon yo's is purty ole man.
Uncle Mose—Dat's all right erbout me smokin', ma boy, but dat ain't de point. Ah's eighty-foh years ole now, but er Ah hadn't nevah smoked Ah might hab been mo' dan a hundred years ole by dis time.—National Monthly.

She Was Sorry.

"I am so sorry," she said when they had wandered far from the madding throng and he had endeavored several times to kiss her, "that we never came out here before."
"Are you?" he asked, with a glad note of eagerness in his tone.
"Yes. Because if we had I'd be somewhere else now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Causes of Things.

Reverend Gentleman—Do you know, my friend, that half the cases of cancer are caused by people smoking those foul, dirty, short, black clay pipes?
Son of Toil—And do you know, guv'nor, that 'alf of the black eyes are caused by folks not mindin' their own business?—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Universal Product.

Quizer—Do you know any palms indigenous to this zone?
Jesterly—Yes, the itching palm.
Ryan—For why're ye puttin' up a fine, Doyle, after all the years ye've lived here without?
Doyle—Well, the fact is, Barney, the doctor's bin at us to take precautions against them microbes ye've heard of.—St. Louis Star.

Its Purpose.

Howard—That's a bad cough you've got. Do you do anything to cure it?
Howard—No. It's this cough that wakes er cook in the morning.—Harper's Bazar.

The Happy Medium.

Squire's Daughter—By the way, do you spell your name with a large or a small N, Mrs. McNabe? Villager—Oh middlin' large, miss.—London M. A. P.

Still More Painful.

The Young Politician—I can assure you there is nothing more painful than having to make er—er—one's first speech in public. Young Politician's Wife—Oh, yes, there is, dear: Young Politician (displeased)—Then what is it, pray? Young Politician's Wife (sweetly)—Having to listen to it, my dear.

He Was Considerate.

She—I should like to have a lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. He—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—Journal Amusant.

Marriage.

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself."
"Yes," commented old Grouch, "it teaches you what not to do when you have done it."—Boston Transcript.

INCURABLE.

Some Interference Wireless Operators Cannot Overcome.
Few are the steamship passengers who fail to visit the wireless office aboard ship to watch the operation of the instruments and to question the operator. Needless to say, the technical understanding of the well meaning visitors is a variable quantity. The operator must listen to wondering exclamations, original suggestions for the improvement of the service, discuss the relations between wireless telegraphy and spiritualism, and other doubtful topics with uniform courtesy. At times, however, the strain is too great. It was a lady passenger with an eye for details who came to the wireless room and looked wonderingly in.
"Oh, here's the wireless! May I come in? Isn't it wonderful to think of sending those waves—you call them waves, don't you? How fascinating to work at this! Are those jars filled with water?"
"Those are condenser jars, madam, quite empty."
"Really? I don't believe I could ever understand it. That coil of wire looks like a birdcage."
"That is the inductance helix."
"What are those things over your ears?"
"The receiving telephones."
"Then you have telephone connection too. One can hardly keep up with the times these days. What does that coil do?"
"That is the receiving tuner and interference preventer."
"Wonderful! Does it keep out all interference?"
"Not all," replied the operator wearily. "Some kinds of interference can't be tuned out; we just have to stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Prepared For Emergency.
"What makes you keep giving me fish for dinner day after day?" he inquired. "Are you particularly fond of it?"
"No," she replied. "I was wholly unselfish. I read a lovely recipe about how to remove a fishbone when it sticks in your throat, and I wanted to try it."—Washington Star.

Not That Kind of Woman.
"Do you believe in making a gentleman before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.
"Mercy, no!" replied her hostess as she decked a bit of dust from the \$2,000 grand piano. "If I have gentlemen to make about people I always do it outside of church."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Book Farmer.
Knicker-Jones is what they call a book farmer. Bocker—Yes; he has used up two check books already.—New York Sun.

A Cold, LaGrippe, Then Pneumonia
Is too often the fatal sequence. Foley's Honey and Tar expels the cold, checks the laGrippe, and prevents pneumonia. It is a prompt and reliable cough medicine that contains no narcotics. It is as safe for your children as yourself. W. E. Brown & Co.

Definite.
"Madam"—a census taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"
"Lemme see," she reflected; "lemme see. Waal, sir, that be two over six an' two under twenty-one."—Everybody's.

Prepositions.
A correspondent of the New York Sun says he overheard the following: "The boys came out from over in between those houses." Here are five prepositions in a bunch. Can this "record" be broken?

The Forgotten Picture.
Mr. Hope Moncreiff recalls in "London" a curious story of Lord Hertford. The noble taste he had was for the collection of pictures, which he is said to have hung with their faces to the wall. He once commissioned an agent to find him a picture which, it turned out, he had himself bought three or four years earlier!

Doesn't Require Magic.
Closest—I saw a magician last night who made ten dollar bills disappear, as though they had never existed.
Spendit—Huh! I can do that.—Philadelphia Record.

Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor.—Lowell.

Rheumatism Relieved in 6 Hours.
DR. DETCHON'S RELIEF FOR RHEUMATISM usually relieves severe cases in a few hours. Its action upon the system is remarkable and effective. It removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose beneficial. See and feel. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

Mistletoe a Menace.
Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected it invariably ruins all trees it reaches. The only method of extermination is the cutting down of diseased trees.—Exchange.

Two of a Kind.
"I told that feller I was so flat broke I had to sleep outdoors," said Plodding Pete.
"Did it touch his heart?" asked Meandering Mike.
"No. He said he was doing the same thing an' had to pay de doctor for tellin' him what a blessing it was."—Washington Star.

His Kind.
"I heard of a man once who was going to make money hand over fist when he was carried off."
"By death?"
"No," by the police. He was porch climbing.—Baltimore American.

He Was Slow.
"I had not talked to him more than fifteen minutes when he called me an idiot."
"Gee! He didn't violate any speed limit in getting next, did he?" Boston Post.

Drying Her Tears.
"What do you do when your wife cries?" asked the younger man. "Do you have to give in to her?"
"No," said the older man. "Give her some money."—Buffalo Express.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

Two Queer Rock Formations on the Island of St. Helena.
There are at least two queer freaks of nature on the island of St. Helena—or, rather, four, for one of them is a group of three figures—known the world over as the "Devil's Nose" and "Lot and His Daughters." Any one who is able to study the island as it is and not run wild over the Napoleonic legends which have clustered about that "sea-bound rock" since the days when the "Little Corporal" was housed there in his living grave will find much that will repay for investigation, time and study.

The queerest of the natural formations are the oddities above alluded to. The first of these imitative forms is a rocky promontory which has been known by names which signify Old Nick's nasal projection since May 22, 1802, when Juan Castella and his men sighted the island just in time to see the devil disappear beneath the waves in the best harbor, leaving his nose as a reminder of what might happen should the venturesome Spaniard seek to take possession of his Satanic majesty's favorite haunts.
"Lot and His Daughters" are three conical rocks which can only be conjured into representing a man and two women by a strong play of the imagination. According to the views of some writers they are weather worn statues of colossal size, probably the work of some aborigines of the island. Their gigantic size, however, would seem to preclude this idea. When or by whom they were dubbed "Lot and His Daughters" no authority has ventured to say.

CONJURING BIRDS.

Trick Sparrows of Hongkong and One of Their Feats.

The famous Chinese conjuring birds are Java sparrows. At street corners in Hongkong sedate old Chinese may be seen putting the birds through their tricks for the benefit of stragglers. Each bird has a sliding door, and just outside this is a pack of little cardcases, each containing a picture and a small pot holding half a dozen grains of rice.

When the stranger, pursuant to the suggestion of the owner, hands over the necessary coin this is placed with the pack of cards at the cage door. Then the owner will undo the fastening of the door. The bird, eying the coin, then the cards, then the coin again, as if he thought his performance too cheaply valued, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hops outside, draws a card from the pack and passes it to his master. He receives in reward one grain of rice.

The man takes the little picture from the rice received from the bird and hands it to the stranger to inspect. He then returns it to the cage, accompanied by the tiniest slip of bamboo, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack. The bird descends and selects a case, and the stranger opens it, to find the identical one containing the bamboo.

How can this be accounted for? The only possible way of explaining is that the bamboo slip is slightly scented.—Exchange.

Rough on the Piano.
Once in the company of President Diaz I spent a few nights in the Mexican earthquake zone as the guest of the governor of the state. As a measure of precaution the plaster ceilings of our sleeping rooms had been replaced with strips of matched boarding. "If a trembler should come in the night, son," remarked my host as he was bidding me good night, "wait for nothing, but make straight for the patio. I think these boards will hold until you get from under cover." And that evening, when I took the governor's wife out to dinner, she had remarked sadly: "We are so benighted here in the hot lands. It is impossible even to have music, for no sooner do I have my grand piano tuned than an earthquake comes along and tips it over."—E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., in Everybody's.

Origin of the Opera.
The opera, like nearly everything else interesting in the world of mind, had its origin in ancient Athens. The earliest librettos were by Sophocles and Aeschylus, such as the "Abammon" and "Antigone," a band of futes and lyres constituting the orchestra, the dialogues being musically declaimed and the choruses sung to the best music of the time. Thus do we have the germ of all later developments in the line of opera.—Exchange.

Enforcing the Rule.
The passenger with the huge square package persisted in riding on the rear platform of the car.
"What have you got there?" demanded the conductor.
"It's a painting of Mount Vesuvius—if you think you have to know," said the passenger.
"Well, you'll have to take it to the front platform," said the conductor. "No smoking is allowed back here."—Chicago Tribune.

Exchange of Courtesies.
"Mornin', Riggs."
"Mornin', Griggs."
"I hope you're enjoying good health." "You don't suppose I could enjoy poor health, do you?"
"You could if you were a new doctor in a strange community. Mornin'!"—"Mornin'!"—Chicago Tribune.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—Timothy Titcomb.

Neutralize and remove the poisons that cause backache, rheumatism, nervousness and all kidney and bladder irregularities. They build up and restore the natural action of these vital organs. W. E. Brown & Co.

Among Highwaymen.
"What did that shady financier do when you stopped him and said, 'Your money or your life?'"
"He told me that if I didn't give him a half interest in my little enterprise he'd organize a competing enterprise and drive me out of business."—Washington Star.

A Burning Answer.
"An abstract noun is the name of something of which we can think, but which we cannot touch," said a teacher to a pupil. "Give me an example."
"A red hot poker, sir!"—London Tit.

The Genius.
The principal difference between a genius and a fool is that the genius is able to get people to take up his ideas and make fortunes out of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Does Your Body Suffer From Skin Disease?

He would be a heartless father indeed, who did not allow his baby's suffering as did Mr. E. M. Bogan of Enterprise, Miss. He says:
"My baby was troubled with break ing out, something like seven-year itch. We used all ordinary remedies, but nothing seemed to do any good until I tried HUNT'S CURE and in a few days all symptoms disappeared and now baby is enjoying the best of health. Price 50c. per box."

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
A. B. Richards Medicine Co.,
Sherman, Texas.

Sold by
Zeigler's Pharmacy.

GOETHE ON HAMLET.

The Great German Poet's Analysis of "the Melancholy Dane."

Figure to yourself this youth, this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand before him in the terror of the night when the venerable spirit appears over him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon to him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears, the summons to revenge and the piercing oft repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man. He grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit and concludes with the significant ejaculation:
The time is out of joint. O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right.

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon the soul unit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak tree planted in a costly jar which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shattered.—From "Wilhelm Meister."

SACKING A THEATER.

Tribulations of the Drama in New York in 1765.

Here is an account of the sacking of a theater in New York from the Gazette of May 3, 1765:

"The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and divers inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainments should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be tempted to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came, and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday trepanned. Death to his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house, carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

A Cautious Scot.
Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer, who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay. "Aye, aye," mused Andra after giving the desired information. "Yell be for Aberdeen, I'm thinkin'?" "Yes, my man," was the reply. "I'm bound for Aberdeen, a very wicked place, I'm told." "What might ye be goin' to do there, sir, if it's as bad as a' that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words.

"Ah," was the pious answer. "I'm goin' to drive the devil out of the deen." Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky reply, "See an' drive him north, chiel; haul him well to the north!"

He Got His Answer.

"They who ask unpleasant questions," said a senator, "must be surprised if they get unpleasant answers. Yes, the interrogatory politician too often finds himself in the boots of Gobsa Golde."

"The aged Gobsa Golde was quarreling furiously with his young and beautiful wife.
"Didst thou marry me for my money?" he yelled.
"Mrs. Gobsa Golde tossed her head.
"Yes, of course I did," she said, "and if you weren't so stingy with it, I'd never have a cross word."—Washington Post.

Steel and Iron.
Reasner discovered the direct process of making steel in 1722, or thereabouts, by immersing malleable iron in a bath of cast iron. A steel manufactory is said to have been set up by Benjamin Huntsman near Sheffield in 1740. It was about 1800, however, before steel fairly became the fashion. The greatest boost to the trade came from Bessemer in 1850.

Maids of Mood.
"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"
"We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental, and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburg Post.

Hadn't Settled.
Bacon—And you say your brother has settled in Canada? Egbert—No, I didn't say so. I think he went there to get out of settling.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Confederate Monument.
The movement so long neglected has at last begun to erect a monument to the memory of the heroes who were the gravestones of the civilized world. Clarendon now proposes to place upon the court house square a suitable mark of its patriotism by having erected a shaft in honor of those who responded and laid down their lives upon their country's altar. All contributions sent to THE MANNING TIMEMS will be acknowledged through its columns.
J. H. Lesesne.....\$10 00
Louis Levi.....10 00
Fred Lesesne.....10 00
Mrs. E. Apple.....10 00
David H. Jones.....10 00
D. L. Green.....5 00
C. M. Mason.....5 00
R. F. Ridgeway.....1 00
R. M. Strange.....5 00
W. T. Wilder.....5 00
R. R. Harvin, Tadmor, Tex.....10 00
H. P. Strange.....5 00
J. T. Touchberry.....5 00

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
Clarendon County.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Fincken Jordan Company, Plaintiff,
against
M. D. Wells, Wingo, Ellett & Crump Shoe Company and C. Wulbern, John Wulbern, Ashley C. Tobias, J. H. C. Wulbern, and E. N. Wulbern, co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of C. Wulbern & Company; Coleman, Wagener Hardware Company, Mrs. Ida Levi and R. D. Lee, I. C. Strauss and Davis D. Moise, as Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Marion Moise, deceased. Defendants.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of February 2nd, 1911, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 6th day of March, 1911, being Saturday, the following described real estate, to wit: All that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the county of Clarendon, in the State aforesaid, measuring and containing sixty-five (65) acres, more or less, bounding and butting as follows: North by public road; East by lands of Mrs. E. A. Tindal and John Carson; South by lands of Mrs. Harvin; West by lands of Dr. Brockinton, the said tract of land being designated as tract No. 2 (less seventeen (17) acres sold off on a plat made by J. D. Rutledge, surveyor, dated September 17, 1891.

Purchaser to pay for papers.
E. B. GAMBLE,
Sheriff Clarendon County.

The Bank of Manning,
Manning, S. C.

Capital Stock.....\$40,000
Surplus.....40,000
Stockholders' Liability.....40,000
Total Protection to Depositors.....\$120,000



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Larger Crops. If you would reduce your
cost of production, buy from the
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WRITE FOR PRICES.

Notice to Credito s.

All persons having claims against the estate of Chovine Richardson Holladay, deceased, will present them, duly attested, and those owing said estate will make payment to the undersigned qualified administrator of said estate.
BENJ. W. HOLLADAY,
Administrator.
Manning, S. C., Feb. 3rd, 1911.

CHARLTON DURANT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MANNING, S. C.

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